FLORIDA

UNDER

FOUR FLAGS

INDIAN LEGENDS

ORMOND

By

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SPAIN

To Spain belongs the honor of the discovery of Florida. Ponce de Leon, an adventurous Spanish soldier, having heard fabulous stories of a new land of gold, determined to find and appropriate it. He landed near where St. Augustine now stands. The day being Easter Sunday (the Pascua Florida, or Feast of Flowers) he gave the name Florida to it. The story of Ponce de Leon and his quest for the fountain of youth and gold are familiar to all. He took possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain.

In 1517 Fernandez de Cordova landed on the east coast, but his expedition amounted to nothing.

In 1527 the first attempt at conquest was made by Pampilo de Narvaez, who came direct from Spain, landed in Clearwater harbor with about 500 men and eighty horses. He attempted to conquer the natives, who resisted him so strongly he was forced to construct boats and rafts, and put to sea after slaughtering his horses. He, with most of his troops, perished by shipwreck near the mouth of the Penuco river.

In 1531 Hernando de Soto landed at the present site of Tampa Bay with 1,000 men. He marched over much of Florida, spending most of the winter at Tallahasse. He met with greater success than any of his predecessors. In the spring of 1640 he explored northern Florida, thence west to the Mississippi river, where he died in 1542. A small remnant of his army

proceeded west, finally reaching Mexico, the rest having perished by the way. His discovery of the port of Pensacola and the report of its beauty led Don Tristan de Luna to start a settlement there in 1559, but the natives fought him so vigorously he was compelled to abandon the settlement. Owing to factional conflicts and division of opinion, no further attempt at settlement in Florida was made by Spain until 1562.

In 1565 Menendez proceeded to what is now the site of St. Augustine and there started the first permanent settlement of the Peninsula. In 1586 this settlement was captured by Sir Francis Drake, but was afterwards restored to the Spaniards. In 1596 a permanent settlement was made at Pensacola. The Spanish King claimed all Florida and bitterly complained to French and English courts of the intrusion of their subjects. His men were compelled also, to fight the Indians continuously, as well as resist the attacks from colonists in adjacent territories. This St. Augustine settlement was protected by the building of the strong fort of San Marco, (standing to this day in an excellent state of preservation). At one time Pensacola was captured by the French, but was soon retaken by the Spaniards, who continued in possession though always on the defensive, until Florida was ceded to England by Spain, for Cuba, the "Queen of the Antilles." This however, did not prevent the English from continucus, desultory warfare on the Spaniards in Florida.

FRANCE

The first record of the French on the Western Continent is of the founding of a colony for French Protestants, at the instigation of the celebrated Admiral Coligny, in Brazil, but swept out of existence by the Portugese, which nation had previously made settlement there.

In 1562 Coligny made his second effort to establish a refuge for French protestants in America, under John Ribault. This expedition was sent to Florida. It was May when this company reached the coast. They discovered the beautiful river, which Ribault called the River of May, now the St. Johns. This expedition was also a failure.

In 1564 Coligny sent out a third expedition. This time establishing the colony on the River of May, under Laudonniere, who had been under Ribault during the former expedition. The colony was managed by the same improvidence that characterized the former attempts. The colonists would not till the soil. Soon starvation stared them in the face. Some of them embarked for France. However, instead of returning to the mother country they commenced a career of piracy against the Spaniards. Those remaining were on the point of leaving when Ribault appeared with the fourth expedition of seven vessels and 600 emigrants at Fort LaCaroline on the River of May.

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French heretics had settled in Florida, which was claimed as Spanish territory. Menendez, who had already established a reputation for brutality in America, was sent out to extirpate this colony. Two months after leaving Spain, with 2,600 men, he sighted the mouth of the River of May, but owing to the position of the French ships in the harbor decided it would be unwise to make an attack, as the French ships were very superior to the Spanish vessels.

The French, sighting the Spaniards, held a council of war. Laudonniere advised Ribault to hold the fort with his ships while, he, with his old soldiers, who knew the country well, aided by their Indian allies, should engage the Spaniards in the woods and swamps to which they were wholly unaccustomed. Ribault, however, decided to follow the Spanish fleet with his own vessels. Disaster followed. His ships were wrecked. It was now, not a question of conquering the Spaniards, but of saving their lives. Unfortunately they had left only 150 men at Fort La-Caroline, some of whom were sick and wounded. Meantime the Spanish fleet had sailed to St. Augustine. The men were disembarked and made ready to push their way through the forest, to steal upon the unsuspecting French at LaCaroline, with the result that three companies of Spaniards rushed simultaneously from the forest, atacking on three sides of the fort at once, taking the entire garrison completely by surprise, giving them no time to even grasp a sword. Men, women and children were massacred with the exception of Laudonniere and twenty men who escaped into the woods.

There still lay in the port three ships commanded

by Jacques Ribault, brother of the Governor. Cutting their cables they slipped into the roadstead, though the Spaniards had already sent one of the vessels to the bottom with the French cannon from the fort.

For three days they waited for a favorable wind which gave them time to pick up the fugitives who had escaped from the fort, then they set sail from this unlucky land.

Meanwhile, Ribault's shipwrecked crew, ignorant of the loss of Fort LaCaroline, made their way with difficulty through the woods until, to their despair, they saw the Spanish flag flying over its ramparts. Retreat was all that was left for them. Subsisting as best they could on leaves, herbs and roots they unwittingly headed their course for the new settlement, (St. Augustine), just established by Menendez and of which they knew nothing.

Menendez, from a distance across a river, (the Matanzas of today) watched theis forlorn band of men, destitute of resisting power, because of enfeebled condition from long fasting and fatigue from the march through jungles and marsh.

At the river's brink a parley ensued. Menendez agreed to give audience to an officer. The officer, with two soldiers crossed the river to the Spanish commander, who soon acquainted them with the facts of the capture of LaCaroline and massacre of the entire garrison. To confirm his story he ordered two prisoners, spared as Catholics, to relate their tale of what had taken place when the fort was captured. After this he coldly assured them that all of their band, who were Protestants, would share a like fate.

They were told to lay down their arms. Menendez then ordered them to be killed. Many were hanged to trees in the vicinity, with the inscription over their heads, "Killed, not as Frenchmen, but as heretics and enemies of God." LaCaroline remained a Spanish stronghold until De Gourgus, later to avenge the deaths of the Huguenots, fell upon it, killing the garrison and destroying the fort, though the Spaniards had changed the name to San Mateo.

ENGLAND

After Drake's capture of St. Augustine and its subsequent return to Spain, the eyes of the English were constantly turned toward Florida.

In 1740 General Oglethorpe, with a combined regiment from Georgia and Carolina, laid siege to St. Augustine, though he failed to take the city. In 1743, he again made a sudden descent upon St. Augustine; captured a few Spaniards and sailed away. No lasting effect, however, was produced by either of these attacks. There were many other attacks and counter-attacks between the English and Spanish colonists, ending by a treaty in 1763, by which Spain ceded to Great Britain East and West Florida in exchange for Havana and the west part of Cuba, then held by the English.

By proclamation, the King of England divided Florida into East Florida, extending to the Apalachicola river, and West Florida, to the Mississippi river, and north to latitude 31°. The same year Pensacola was laid out as a city, with streets at right angles, with squares 200x400 feet.

Denis Rolle, in 1765, obtained a grant of 40,000 acres of land on the St. Johns river, to which he brought English colonists and founded the town of Rolleston. The "King's Road" from Fort Barrington to St. Augustine was built, the money being subscribed by public spirited men of Florida.

Under the English regime the new country made much progress, but in 1767 one of the most cruel and barbarous schemes was put into execution by Sir William Duncan and Dr. Andrew Turnbull, who indentured some 1,500 Greeks, Italians and Minorcans to a company organized in London, before bringing them to this country. These colonists were landed at New Smyrna, on the east coast. They were treated unfairly and very harshly, suffering so many privations and hardships, that they broke their indentures and took refuge in St. Augustine.

The settlers were Royalists, and the same year the Governor of East Florida called out his militia to join the Royal troops in resisting the "perfidious insinuations" of the neighboring colonies.

In 1778 General Precost marched from Florida upon Savannah and other Georgia towns capturing them. Other southern states were frequently annoyed by incursions and raids from Florida. In 1781 Admiral Solano sailed from Cuba against Pensacola, captured 1,000 English under General Campbell, blew up the fort, and restored that city to the Spanish flag, after which the territory west of Pensacola was ceded back to Spain. In the same year England ceded East and West Florida to Spain, agreeing to evacuate the country within three months, and General Zespedes took possession of all Florida in the name of the King of Spain. A fort was then built at Jacksonville to guard the ferry and a line of communication opened between St. Augustine and Pensacola by the new Spanish governor, which was later wrested from him by the colonial General McIntosh, who destroyed it,

only with the native Indians, but with the colonists and burned a number of Spanish galleys which were anchored in the river. (1794 year.)

HOSTILITY AND STRIFE

1794 to 1835-7

From 1794 on, there was strife and hostility with other nations. In 1795 Spain was compelled to recede to France all the territory claimed by her west of the Perdido river, which became the boundary of Florida. Spain, instead of establishing colonies, granted large bodies of land to various men, who purchased pelts and other supplies from the Indians, thus keeping up a sort of alliance with the Creeks. In 1808 a band of Creeks made a settlement at Anhayea, where DeSoto spent the winter of 1539-40. Twice had settlement been made in this place, before the final one, which is now known as Tallahassee, the capital of the state.

In 1803 the terms of the Louisiana Purchase gave the United States government claim to the lands lying west of the Perdido river, then known as a part of West Florida. The remainder of West Florida was still controlled by Spain.

In 1811 the president was authorized by congress to seize this part of Florida should any foreign power attempt to occupy it.

In 1812 settlers along the northern border organized a provisional government, with John H. McIntosh governor and Colonel Ashby head of military affairs, avowing their intention of holding out against all comers. At this time Fernandina was a neutral town

where all the traders met to barter and exchange. This caused the Spaniards to become uneasy and they garrisoned the town under command of Don Jose Lopez. This was too much for General McIntosh, who with his men beseiged it and took it in 1812.

In 1814 a British fleet entered Pensacola Bay and garrisoned the fort, by request of the Spanish governor.

This "trespass" came within the letter of the law authorizing the president of the United States to seize West Florida, if a foreign power attempted to occupy it.

General Andrew Jackson with 5,000 Tennessee volunteers was ordered to march against Pensacola, which he captured. General Jackson did not stop here, but captured all the adjacent towns and settlements, including a Spanish fort on St. Marks bay.

Spain now despaired of holding the country and sold both East and West Florida to the United States for $5,000,000. The change of flags was effected at St. Augustine and Pensacola in 1821. East and West Florida were united into one with General Jackson as governor.

In 1822, Congress declared Florida a territory of the United States and W. P. Duval was appointed governor. The first legislative Council met at Pensacola. The next was held at St. Augustine, where the capital remained until its removal to its present site at Tallahassee.

In 1835 the Seminole war began with the murder of General Thompson at Fort King and the massacre

of Major Dade's men. Many skirmishes and battles took place between the settlers and the Indians. Most of the Indians were removed to the Indian Territory, except a few who carried on a desultory war till 1842. In 1845 Florida was admitted into the Union as a full fledged state, where she stands preeminent, boasting a longer life, more varied vicissitudes; more conquests; more conquerors; more fightings; more hostilities; more settlements than any other state, now to be one of the most loved by her home people, as well as the happiest and most refreshing of playgrounds for the whole people of the entire Union of States.

INDIAN LEGENDS

AN INDIAN MYTH

The Indians once believed the first white man came from the foam of the ocean, thrown upon the beach. Lying in the sun, the vapor arising from the foam took the indistinct outline of a human being, gradually taking the distinct form of a man. This slowly arose, walking off through the marshes and grass to the higher land.

ALEIDA AND PONCE DE LEON

So little is known of the early days in Florida that its very uncertainty has developed a tendency to romance and legend. The following pretty story is told of the famous Ponce de Leon, who became so much enamored of an Indian Carib maiden he saw while on one of his trips to the Virgin islands, he seized her and brought her to the mainland. More than ever he longed for the "Fountain of Youth," for Aleida was young and he was old.

An old Indian had told him of a spring near where they had landed and he visited it, drinking of its waters. Finding the waters very beneficial and believing it to be the fountain for which he was seeking, he decided to remain there permanently. De Leon's mission, peaceful and romantic, led him to make treaties with the Indians—the friendly Selooes and the war-like Yotematoes. To civilize his savage allies he taught them the art of the bull fight, and to take pleas-

ures as he had seen them in Spain, though on a lesser scale. At one of these festivals a number of Caribs were present, including their chief, the great Tomokie. The Caribs were the most savage of all the tribes. The chief, Tomokie, became enamored of the beautiful Aleida, demanding that he and the Spanish Cavalier should fight for her hand.

De Leon, aged and infirm, refused, proposing, instead, a grand combat between his soldiers and the warriors of Tomokie. Angered at Tomokie's love for Aleida, he secretly determined upon the destruction of the chief, sallying forth from the fort with his soldiers to attack him. A dramatic meeting ensued. Tomokie drew his spear, but De Leon's page threw himself upon it, losing his life for his master. De Leon was still at the mercy of the savage, when Aleida, attired in the dress of a Carib brave, whom she had slain, darted forward, and drawing her bow pierced Tomokie to the heart with her arrow.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

The Indians regarded a certain spring with venerable superstition, for its waters were known to possess curative power. They believed a messenger from the "Great White Spirit" was sent every evening at dusk to drink of this "water of life," so-called by the Indians. The dew falling into the spring from the wings of this messenger gave to the waters their curative and restoring qualities. Tomokie, chief of the Caribs did not believe in this superstition and greatly offended the Selooes and Yotematoes by drinking out of and at last seizing the curiously wrought cup, never before touched by mortal hands. This act brought on

war with the Caribs. The chief, Tomokie, led his warriors in the battle. Every bow and arrow of the combined Selooes and Yotematoes seemed aimed at him. SuddenlyOleeta, a beautiful Selooes maiden, was seen to spring forward, drawing her bow at the great chieftain, who wore the sacred cup about his neck. The discharged arrow pierced his heart. Oleeta rushed forward, snatched the cup from the dead chieftain's neck, only to be herself struck by a poisoned arrow, causing her to fall dead with the sacred relic clasped in her hand. This terribly enraged the Selooes, who with their allies, did not desist until every Carib was dead. Oleeta's body was buried with stately ceremony near the spring. The sacred cup is said to be in the possession of the Florida Indians at the present time.

(Note.—The giant remains of Tomokie were unearthed a number of years ago at the coquina quarries on Anastasia island.)

ORTEZ

When de Navarez's vessels were anchored off the shore of Tampa Bay, the Indians had enticed the young Spaniard, Ortez, and a comrade to shore, capturing them. The comrade was immediately killed because he tried to free himself. Ortez was put to torture by being stretched on a staging of green poles with a slow fire burning under it. Hirrihigua, who was chief of this tribe, had a lovely young daughter whose heart was filled with pity at the sight of the young man, who having injured no one, was put to such torture. Throwing herself at the chieftain's feet, bitterly weeping, she pleaded for him not to burn the prisoner. Out of love for her the chief ordered the release of Ortez, allowing the Indian maiden to dress his

wounds and care for him until he was well again. However, Hirrihigua hated the sight of the white man.

Soon Ortez' life was again in danger, and again the Indian maiden saved it, warning him of the danger. She told him to go to Mucoso, a neighboring chief, to whom she was engaged, who, for her sake, would befriend him. She, herself, one dark night, started him on the way and directing him how to find Mucoso. The latter received him kindly, refusing to give him up at the request of Hirrihigua, whereupon Hirrihigua declared he would never give his daughter in marriage as long as he befriended the Spaniard. Even this could not overcome his daughter's mercy or the young chief's sense of honor, who protected Ortez until the coming of DeSoto. By this time he had been living among the Indians so long he looked and acted like one. He had almost forgotten his native tongue. Because of his knowledge of the Indian language and ways he was of great help to DeSoto on his journey through the wilderness.

THE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN QUEEN

The province of Cofitachqui was ruled by a young and beautiful Indian queen. Seeing DeSoto and his band on the opposite side of the river she ordered her canopied canoe, with her attendants following in other canoes, and crossed to the camp of the Spaniards. Meeting DeSoto she presented him with skins and shawls. Taking off her beautiful necklace of pearls she placed it about his neck, at the same time telling him where he could find many more of the same kind. In spite of this kindness and generosity she was taken prisoner and led away on foot. A month later

she escaped and returned to her band, who immediately went on the war path in her behalf.

FOUR GREAT FEASTS

Four times a year the Indians assembled for feasts, the most important being the Corn Dance. For these feasts they gathered on the high ground near the villages, offering sacrifices of plants and honey. The chief priest, or jauva, as he was called, would spread corn upon a smooth stone as an offering to the birds for their melody. At noon the offering would again be made, then cages, in which many birds had been kept for the occasion, would be opened and the birds set free. A festival was held at the time of corn planting. Another when the corn was ripe, the last one being the greatest; taking the form of a Thanksgiving to the "Great White Spirit," whom they worshipped. It was at this great festival the young braves were allowed to race for their wives, which were selected from the various tribes.

MURDER OF FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES

Many missions were successfully established by the Franciscan monks in the Indian villages. Among the converts of the mission of Tolomato was the son of the Cacique of the province of Guale, a proud and high spirited young leader, who by no means submitted to the requirements of his spiritual father, indulging in excesses which scandalized Father Copra, who finally rebuked him in public. This roused the pride of the young chief, who left the mission determined upon revenge. Returning to Tolomato in the night, with a band of warriors, whom he had inspired with his own

hatred against the missionaries, he crept up to the mission, burst the chapel doors and slew the devoted father while at prayer, severing his head from his body, set it upon a pike staff, then threw the body out in the forest where it could never be found. As soon as this became known the Indian village was all excitement. Some bewailed the death of the kind father; others dreaded the consequences of this rash act, shrinking with terror from the vengeance of the Spaniards. The young chief, however, gathered them around him and in earnest tones addressed them. Said he: "Yes, the friar is dead. It would not have been had he allowed us to live as we did before we became Christians. We must return to our ancient customs and provide against the punishment of the governor, which will be as great for this single friar as if we had killed them all. We must kill them all. Let us regain the liberty of which these friars robbed us with their promises of good things which we have not yet seen; they have deprived us of our wives (but one being permitted each brave), our dances, our banquets, feast celebrations, games and contests. Being deprived of these we lose our ancient valor and skill inherited from our ancestors. Do all they require, they are not pleased. They reprimand us; injuriously treat us; oppress us; call us bad Christians; deprive us of all our fathers enjoyed. What have we to hope except to be made slaves? If we put them all to death we will force the government to treat us well."

Carried away by this eloquent address, his followers rang out the war cry. While still eager for blood, the young chief led them to the other missions, making quick work of all the friars in charge. Father

Montes of the Tapoqui mission tried earnestly to reason and remonstrate with them, only to have them brandish their weapons and cry out that he must die. After this the noble father submissively asked to be allowed to celebrate the mass. This was granted. Arrayed in his white robes, with his enemies pressing about him, he repeated the sacrament. The service concluded, he knelt before the altar in silent prayer. His foes rushed upon him and he fell dead, bespattering the altar at which he ministered, with his own blood. His crushed remains were thrown into the woods for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the forest to devour, though neither would touch it. An Indian dog, rushing toward it to lay hold upon the body, fell dead on the spot. Emboldened by this an old Christian Indian who saw it, secretly carried away the body in the night, giving it sepulchre in the forest.

(Note: The young chief referred to above had been sent to Spain by the friars because of his superior intelligence, and educated by the monks, who named him Don Luis, expecting him to return and assist them effectively in their mission to the Indians).

LEGEND OF THE COFFER

At one of these desecrated missions a coffer in which was a crucifix, still remained. With covetous desire an Indian brave approached close, with intent to rob it. He instantly fell dead. Another brave, with the same intent, not knowing of the former brave's attempt, approached the coffer, when he, too, fell dead. Much frightened, the Indians never again attempted to destroy the niche or open the coffer. Forty years later a soldier returning to Spain told

the story, saying: "That even unto this day, no Indian dared go near the spot."

ALEXANDER M'GILLIVRAY

One of the most picturesque and clever of the renowned Indian chiefs, perhaps the shrewdest, owing no doubt, to his canny Scottish blood, was Alexander McGillivray, who, by his own clever manipulation, managed to become a high official in both Spanish and British armies, serving, also, the United States in an official capacity. He was chief of the Creeks, the son of a Creek woman and a Scotch trader. He was educated and intelligent, taking the part of the English in the Revolution, being active in their service in Georgia and holding the rank of colonel in the British army. In 1784 he made a treaty for the Creeks and Seminoles with the Spanish government and did much to gain the friendship of the other trib s for Spain. For these services the Spanish government gave him a Colonel's rank and pay. Later still he represented the Creeks in a treaty with the United States, promising after a certain date all the trade of the Creeks should pass through the port of the United States. And now it was proved, that while he was receiving a large salary from Spain, he was also receiving a large salary as agent of the United States, and that he sometimes wore the uniform of a Spanish colonel, sometimes that of a brigadier general in the American army. This remarkable Indian had held high commissions under three great civilized nations, two of which he served at one time.

ESCAPE OF COACOOCHEE

During the Seminole war Coacoochee, a noted chief, was confined in one of the old casemates in Fort Marion. There was but one out side wall, five feet thick, coquina partitions on the north and south, with the fourth wall opening into the inner court, in which an iron grating on hinges was used as a door. All the light admitted was through a small window about eighteen feet from the floor, across which were two horizontal bars. After his removal to the west, Coacoochee told the following brief story of his escapade. Talmus Hadjo, Coacoochee and Osceola were at this time confined in the one room, continually watched by a sentinel in the inner court.

Says Coacoochee: We were growing sickly from day to day and determined to escape or die. Through the hole above, we must make the attempt; there was no other way. As we looked up at it from our beds, we decided, could we get our heads through, the rest would not be hard. I could not reach this hole when standing upon the shoulders of my companion, but, while standing upon his shoulders, I worked a knife into the crevice of the stone work, as far up as I could reach; upon this I raised myself to the opening and decided with some reduction of person, I could get through. We decided to reduce ourselves by means of medicine and doing without food. In order to get the desired roots we pretended to be sick. Under guard, we were permitted to get the roots. We carefully watched the moon in order that the night of our escape

might be as dark as possible, commencing our medicine so that the effects would come on the entire disapperance of the moon. The guard, on the night determined upon to make our escape, annoyed us by frequently coming into the room, talking and singing. At first we thought of tieing him and putting his head in a bag to keep him from calling assistance. First, however, we pretended to be asleep and paid no attention to him. He came in but soon went out. Soon we could hear his heavy breathing in sleep by the doorway. I then took a rope which we had made from the sacks given us for beds. Mounted upon the shoulders of my comrade, I raised myself by the knife worked into the crevice of the stone, succeeding in reaching the window above. Here I made the rope fast that my comrade might follow me. I then fastened another rope and passed it through the window until it reached the ground. It was about 25 feet to the ditch below. In going for the roots I had calculated the distance. Putting my head through was difficult. The sharp stones took the skin off my breast and back. As my head went through first, I was obliged to go head foremost until my feet were through, fearing every moment the rope would break. Reaching the ground I signalled by the rope to my comrade that I was down. The night was very dark. Two men passed near me. I could see their forms distinctly. Soon I heard the struggle of my comrade, far above me. He had succeeded in getting his head through, but his body would come no farther. In a low tone of voice I urged him to throw out his breath and then try. Soon he tumbled down the whole distance. I thought him dead. I dragged him to some water near by. This restored him but his leg was broken. He could not walk. I

took him upon my shoulder and we hid in the palmetto scrub near the town. Daylight was near. I caught a mule in an adjacent field and made a bridle of my sash. Fearing the whites would track us we used the mule but one day. We felt more secure on foot, though obliged to move slowly. Thus we continued our journey five days, subsisting on roots and berries, when I joined my band, then assembled on the headwaters of the Tomoka river."

Many interesting stories have been told of the daring and cunning of the interesting Coacoochee.

OSCEOLA

A pathetic incident in connection with the above is the fact that Osceola refused to accompany his comrade, saying: "The white man has put me here without cause; he shall yet give me my freedom." This was never done. Osceola was transferred to Ft. Moultrie, where the confinement, along with his sorrow over the loss of all that was dear, caused him to pine away, dying of grief and a broken heart. This is literally true, for Osceola, whose father was a white man, possessed many of the characteristics of both the white and red races, so blended as to make him suffer, as the daring Coacoochee could never do.

WILD CAT'S REPLY

Coacoochee was one of the strongest chiefs. He had failed to keep his word to Gen. North in bringing his tribe together for deportation to the west, so was captured and sent west. However, Gen. North, realizing that this was a mistake, ordered his return from New Orleans to Florida. In a conference with the

general, he listened attentively to the general's admonition that there was no use shedding any more blood; that if his band did not surrender by a certain time, Coacoochee and the men with him should be hanged from the yardarm of the vessel. Coacoochee (Wild Cat) rose to his feet, trembling with excitement. He said: "When I was a boy I saw the white man afar off and was told he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolfe or a bear; yet like them he came upon me. Horses, cattle, fields he took from me. He gave me his hand in friendship; I took it. He had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked; he lied and stung us. I asked land to plant and live upon far south—a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred—a place for my wife and child; this was not granted me. I want the war to end, but I cannot go to my warriors in irons, because they would say my heart was weak."

He was not allowed to go, however, but sent five warriors, who brought in, within the appointed time, all of the band. Wild Cat's irons were then taken off and he was allowed to go before his band. He was gaily attired in a colored frock, with a red silk girdle, bright red were his leggins and moccasins, silver ornaments covered his breast and plumes from the egret waved from his crimson silk turban. With his scalping knife in his girdle, he looked, indeed, as a great chief should. He talked to his people, telling them the rifle was thrown away; the white and red men were friends.

To General North, in parting, he said: "In leaving Florida I have done nothing to disgrace it. It was my home; to leave it is like parting with my wife and

child. I have thrown away my rifle, have taken the hand of the white man and now say **"take care of me."** Through his example other tribes surrendered, thus ending the war. (Seminole.)

LEGEND OF THE CHEROKEE ROSE

Many years ago a climbing wild rose vine, whose beautiful white blossoms were set, like stars, amidst its glossy, green leaves, covered the lodge of a Cherokee chieftain. Beneath this bower from childhood to youth had played his graceful daughter, the last of her line.

On a Cherokee raid to the south a handsome young Seminole brave was wounded and captured, and brought to the Chief's lodge, where he was carefully nursed and tended back to health by the Chief's daughter, with whom he fell in love. The maiden in turn loved the brave man whose life she had saved.

Learning he was to be trotured to death when he was recovered, she planned for his escape. He refused to leave unless she would go with him. Accordingly they stole away under cover of the dark night.

The maid, in passing under the leafy bower, plucked a white spray, which she carried in her bosom to her new home in the south and planted beside the lodge, built for her by her lover, where it grew luxuriantly. She called it her "Cherokee Rose" in memory of the tribe she had forsaken, for love, and which had repudiated her, though she was happy in her southern Seminole home.

(Note: The Cherokee rose is one of Florida's most beautiful flowers, blooming profusely in the spring.

FIRST SEMINOLE WAR

In 1817 Florida still belonged to Spain. General Jackson was sent into it to put down the outrages of the Seminole Indians, inhabiting the fastnesses of the Everglades. After close study of the situation Jackson concluded the Indian depredations were not only committed with the tacit consent of Spain, but by the secret encouragement of certain British subjects living in Florida. Casting all legal barriers aside, he invaded Florida, capturing Pensacola and St. Marks; packed the Spanish civil and military authorities off to Cuba; then seized, tried, condemned and hanged two British subjects, whom he accused of stirring the Seminoles to strife against his country.

For this he was praised and blamed. He cared for neither plaudits nor abuse, but went calmly on stamping out the insurrection. It took much diplomacy on the part of his government to prevent the war into which his impetuous daring had nearly plunged it. A compromise, however, was effected, Spain selling Florida to the United States. He was made military governor.

SECOND SEMINOLE WAR

Florida was then at peace, until 1835 when the Second Seminole War broke out with a conflict far deadlier and more savage than the first.

The Indians refused to be removed from the Everglades to the Indian Territory. They refused to give up their lands to the white man. Their chief, Osceola, urged them to stand by this refusal. Osceola's wife, the daughter of a fugitive slave, had been cap-

tured by the authorities and returned to slavery. This act completed his hatred of the white race, causing him to vow vengeance. General Thompson was sent to put down the rebellion. To him Osceola appealed, using alternately pleas and threats for his wife's return and the restoration of their homes to his people. General Thompson had him chained and thrown into prison.

When Osceola was freed he called his tribe to arms; made alliance with the Creeks and killed Gen. Thompson. The same day his tribe fell upon the command of Maj. Dade, whom they massacred, with all but four of his men. Later the Indians were defeated and forced to retire to the Everglades. For years the war dragged on, the Indians never meeting the army in open battle, though many fierce conflicts took place.

In 1837 some of the chiefs made a treaty with the government. Osceola refused to be bound by it, continuing his devastating warfare. Realizing the struggle could not end as long as this fearless and valiant chief lived, General Jessup, then in command of the United States forces, invited Osceola, under a flag of truce, to a conference. Osceola, trusting to the white man's pledge of safety, accepted the invitation. At this conference General Jessup treacherously had him seized and put in prison at Fort Marion. Afterwards he was sent to Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, where he languished and died, the victim of his own faith in the integrity of his father's people to keep their promises.

The following is the true story of one of the ter-

rible Indian raids: Virgil and Ben Dupont, young lads, were alone at their home on the Matanzas river, their parents being in St. Augustine. The boys, with two men, shot from the windows as long as their ammunition lasted. One of the men left the house, but was never seen again. The firing from outside ceased. Everything grew still. No move being made on the part of the Indians, the boys carefully opened the back door. Virgil, with his younger brother upon his back, crept out under the protection of thicket and scrub until clear of his father's premises. With the man these boys walked to St. Augustine, where news, arriving ahead of them announced that the house and all inside had been burned. Not a house was left standing between the old mill at Dunn-Lawton and Dupont's on the Matanzas.

This war dragged along some time after the capture of Osceola, though in a desultory way. The year 1842 saw the final surrender of the Indians. More than four thousand Seminoles, the remnants of a once powerful "nation," were transported to the western reservation, where their descendents form one of the five civilized native races now living there.

It was prior to this time that all of the inhabitants of what is now Daytona and vicinity were obliged to escape across the river while watching their homes burning and crops and plantations destroyed. On the Williams grant every person was shot except Sam Williams. He escaped by hiding behind a palmetto, until after the raid, swimming the Halifax river and walking by way of the ocean beach to St. Augustine.

EARLY DAYTONA

After the cession by England of Florida to Spain the English settlers removed to the Bahama and West India islands. Spain, realizing their removal to be a loss, offered to them attractive inducements of large land grants to return, hence we find English names in connection with the old Spanish grants. Amongst those settling in this region were the Addisons (Tom and John), Capt. Ormond, General Anderson, General Williams, John Bunch, McHardy, Darby, Capt. Dummitt (founder of the famous Dummitt grove), the Lawtons, who named their grant Dunn-Lawton (the former being the maiden name of their mother).

The present site of Daytona was the Williams plantation with many slaves, where large amounts of sugar cane and indigo were raised; the former manufactured into sugar; the latter into stuff for dye and blueing.

Silver Beach, on the east shore of the river, directly across, was a landing place for boats, with a trail through the woods to the ocean beach. Worthy of note, perhaps, is the fact that here was located a clear running spring, emptying its waters into the river, yet never mentioned in legend or history as the famous "Fountain of Youth," for which Florida's discoverers vainly sought.

On the north the Heriots owned the adjoining tract, called Orange Point. Sam and John Williams (sons of General Williams) planted at Daytona and

Bethune Point, south. Still north of Orange Point was a shell point (Ross Point), from which a wharf extended far out into the river, called "Long Wharf," the present site of Holly Hill.

It is related, these were peaceful times with the Indians. It was only after liquor or rum, made by the white man, from the refuse of cane grinding, was introduced, that murderous troubles resulted. Up to that time the forts, or block houses, built by the settlers, were seldom, if ever, used. These settlers built the King's road, canals, forts, etc., north of Mosquito inlet, with the aid of plantation slaves. There is a current belief that most of the work done on public work during this early period was done by Minorcans, held in bondage. This is untrue. There is a record of negro slaves being brought into Florida as early as 1687, or after, owing to its rigorous climate, the slave trade was found unprofitable in New England.

Ormond was occupied by the Young plantation, the manor house standing on a shell mound to the south of the present town site. From Silver Beach, looking northwest, this point could be plainly seen; from the same point to the southwest could be seen a log cabin and the residence of E. A. McDaniel, still remembered by early settlers for his kindly, genial ways and whole-hearted hospitality.

The largest settlements were at Spruce Creek and Dunn-Lawton. The famous Voss and Sutton orange groves were in flourishing condition. There was a cabin on the Anderson tract, where later a beautiful home was built. There was a cabin on the present

Fowler place on Rose Bay, and the Pacetti place on Robb's Bluff, west of the old Pacetti home, the site of which was washed away and is now deep water channel.

It is hard for the present day visitor to this populous and accessible region to see, even with the most retrospective eye, or grasp the wildness of the country at that time.

Volusia County had not long been created (1854) there being, all told, about twenty-five families in the entire county. Just after the war twenty-one men registered as voters and the first court was established. Strange, considering this wildness of today, settlements extended almost to Matanzas, far apart, however, and some distance up the Tomoka river. Fort Bulow, far up on the headwaters of the Halifax river, was a prosperous plantation, where many slaves produced 4,000 pounds of sugar to the acre. The ruins of a large mill, with its tall chimneys, and the Bulow Villa, or manor house, just north of it, may still be easily found.

At the John Addison fort, on the Tomoka river, not far from the King's road, may still be seen the remains of a large sugar mill. A cannon was brought from the old fort by the boys of the 70's to aid in Daytona's first 4th of July celebration. (Note: This cannon has figured at each celebration of the nation's natal day until the 4th of July, 1919, when, evidently in its pride at being called into service for the victory parade, it exploded, probably ending its career permanently). There were other cannons at this fort, two of which are said to have been sunk in an old well

on the plantation, along with the family plates and jewels.

On the old Dummitt plantation, to the east of this fort is another ruin of a sugar mill. Capt. Dummitt, history says, would boast to his neighbors his flats (marshy) would produce enormous crops of sugar, but that the drippings (molasses) were salt. In spite of this, however, they made a "powerful good likker."

Large boat loads of sugar, cotton and indigo were rowed by slaves in large boats, or rafts, manned by many oarsmen, down the river to Pilot town, or Robb's Bluff, to be shipped to England. On Hernandez Point, above Ormond, may be seen the remains of an old manor house, not far from which can be seen the remains of sugar and indigo works.

Remains of the old mills in the city of Daytona may still be found at the corner of Ridgewood and Loomis avenue, on Second street, west of Ridgewood, and also on Volusia avenue are remains of indigo vats. Until recently, the remains of a large house, thought to be the Sam Williams manor house, were to be seen at the corner of Beach street and Loomis avenue.

RUIN OF DUNN-LAWTON

The most picturesque and interesting ruin in this vicinity, as well, as the best preserved, and most accessible, is that of the old mill on the Dunn-Lawton plantation. Just before the Civil war it was remodeled and put into modern working condition. It was plastered within and without. Even a few years after the war, 40 acres of sugar cane were cultivated by a company of Swedes imported for that purpose, but the

owner dying the plantation was abandoned and the mill left to decay. It now stands a picturesque ruin, amid beautiful forest growth. The fragments of wall, built of coquina stone, are covered with ferns and mosses. There are beautifully arched doors and windows with vines entwined and tangled about them. It was built more than one hundred years ago, serving well the principal use of decaying and abandoned things—to touch the imagination of those having time to revert into the far past, repeople the spot, see it living again with its activity of work, amidst the laughter and song of the happy dusky workers, who know no care, save the "sufficiency of the day."

SALT WORKS

Early industries of this region were salt works, consisting of several iron pots, formerly used as syrup boilers, and a frame work, supporting a trough, into which the salt water was poured by hand, with a long handled dipper. The water was evaporated by boiling, leaving the salt, which during the war sold at a good price. There was another "plant" near the Matanzas that operated during the war.

BLOCKADE RUNNING

Mosquito inlet was a rendevous for blockade runners during the Civil war, finally becoming such a menace two United States gunboats, the Penguin and Henry Andrew, were ordered to guard the harbor. The latter crossed the bar, going south, past New Smyrna, to reconnoiter. Upon returning she was fired upon from an earthwork, which, from a previous examina-

tion, was supposed to be abandoned. Two men were killed. A quick engagement followed, in which thirteen otheıs were killed and wounded. The survivors took cover on shore, rejoining their ship after night had fallen. Summary vengeance was taken by the Federals, who destroyed all buildings, wharves and anything that could be of service to the blockade runners.

The port at Mosquito inlet was of such importance a collector of customs was kept there—Maj. Alden, a pleasant, popular gentleman who had boats and a gang of darkies to row him out to meet incoming vessels.

Swift Brothers were getting out live oak for ships for the government. Fifty cargoes of timber were sent from this port. The Swifts operated in the winter time. The few settlers then here had great difficulty in getting supplies. It was a gala festival for them when the Swifts were leaving and they could buy their surplus stock of provisions, consisting of pork, hardtack, etc. These supplied a change from the game, fish and corn bread of their regular fare.

Two schooners, the Rover and the Kate Cook, plying between New Smyrna and St. Augustine or Jacksonville were the main dependence for supplies and mails. They were scheduled to arrive weekly—sometimes they arrived monthly. Transportation was slow. It took two days to make a trip from Jacksonville to Enterprise by boat, the next day to reach New Smyrna overland, and still another day, by boat, from that place to Daytona. Sail boats were the main dependence for traveling. An early visitor going by

boat from New Smyrna to the colony, up the Halifax, in 1871, says: "Coming around Bethune Point, past the two lone palmettos (long since disappeared) we got our first glimpse of what is now Daytona. The only buildings in sight were a large two-story house (Palmetto House) roofed with palmetto, and the large home of Botefuhr on the peninsula opposite. With the exception of the Coleman house at the other end of the town the 'Colony House' was the only habitation in the place. Here I remained for the winter. All of the young men, some thirty of us, roomed together in the attic, where we had plenty of good times."

Another early visitor writes: "From New Smyrna we visited what was styled the Colony. The people were living in tents and palmetto huts while they were preparing to lay out the town and build where Daytona now stands." The land lying between the river and Ridgewood is described as "inexpressibly wild, with impassible underbrush. Deer and bear roamed at will where are now to be seen beautiful streets and fine homes."

REGATTAS

All the boat owners were sportsmen and many a regatta, with twenty or thirty boats, made boat racing and building an art. Many amusing and interesting tales could be told of this clean and interesting sport.

Of churches and schools there were none, though weddings were popular, even though difficult of accomplishment. Mr. E. N. Waldron in recent memoirs gives some amusing accounts of these. At

that time he was justice of the peace. On one accasion two men rode up, one with a lady behind him upon his horse, to his front door. The man alone on his horse rode forward announcing that the couple wished to be married. The nuptial knot was soon tied. When it came to the fee, the bridegroom was found to be broke—whereupon the first man, who was known to the justice, agreed to "stand for it." Mr. Waldron declares he is "still standing." Another time, a young couple had been waiting for the marriage license to arrive. It came on Sunday morning, just as the prospective groom was ready to go with his fellows on a cow hunt. The justice was called in a hurry. Arriving upon the scene he inquired if all was ready, when the young man inquired the fee. "Usually $2." He then hustled quietly around, borrowed the money from his associates about, told his sweetheart to "stand round yere," and the deed was done. The bride remained with her family while the newly wedded husband went on his merry cow hunt. Marriage by those desiring a minister was even more difficult, but accomplished in spite of difficulties.

People were pious in those days and believed in religious worship, but could not always tell when such services would be held. On one occasion, it is related, how a pioneer minister and a lay member walked from Daytona to Port Orange to hold services. Upon arriving at McDaniel's hotel, where the meeting was to be held, they found the whole congregation out on the river enjoying a sail, and racing their crafts. The services were postponed until the congregation returned. It is told of these early times that if services were in session and a good brother came in announc-

ing "a wreck at the inlet," the parson would promptly deliver the benediction and all hands were off to the wreck.

Though the early settlers suffered some privations the jolly good fellowship existing amongst them and the genial climate, sunshiny and pleasant, lured them to stay. In 1876 the town was incorporated with a full compliment of officers. Church and school was established, more people came. A public library was started, a horticultural society was organized, where experienced growers and gardeners gave freely of their experience to the inexperienced. Social life was most enjoyable, for these early settlers had many educated and cultured people among them, who enjoyed and revelled in the lavish beauty of their natural surroundings. A newspaper was established a few years later; still later a railroad was built and Daytona became not only easy of access but one of the most popular resorts of the world.

NOTES

The Border City was the first steamer to establish a route to Jacksonville, but was not a success.

At one time Port Orange was located on Mrs. Hasty's place at Ponce Park, where the Megley family then lived—1871.

The town of Daytona was incorporated in 1876 (July 26). Dr. L. D. Huston, father of Mrs. F. M. Davidson, was the first mayor.

On the 10th of July, 1821, the Spanish standard was lowered after floating over St. Augustine for more than 250 years, to make way for the American Stars and Stripes.

A public school was established in 1876. A young ladies seminary, The Daytona Institute, was established in 1880 by Miss L. A. Cross. This institution continues to this day and its beloved founder is still a resident and actively interested in the new and greater Daytona.

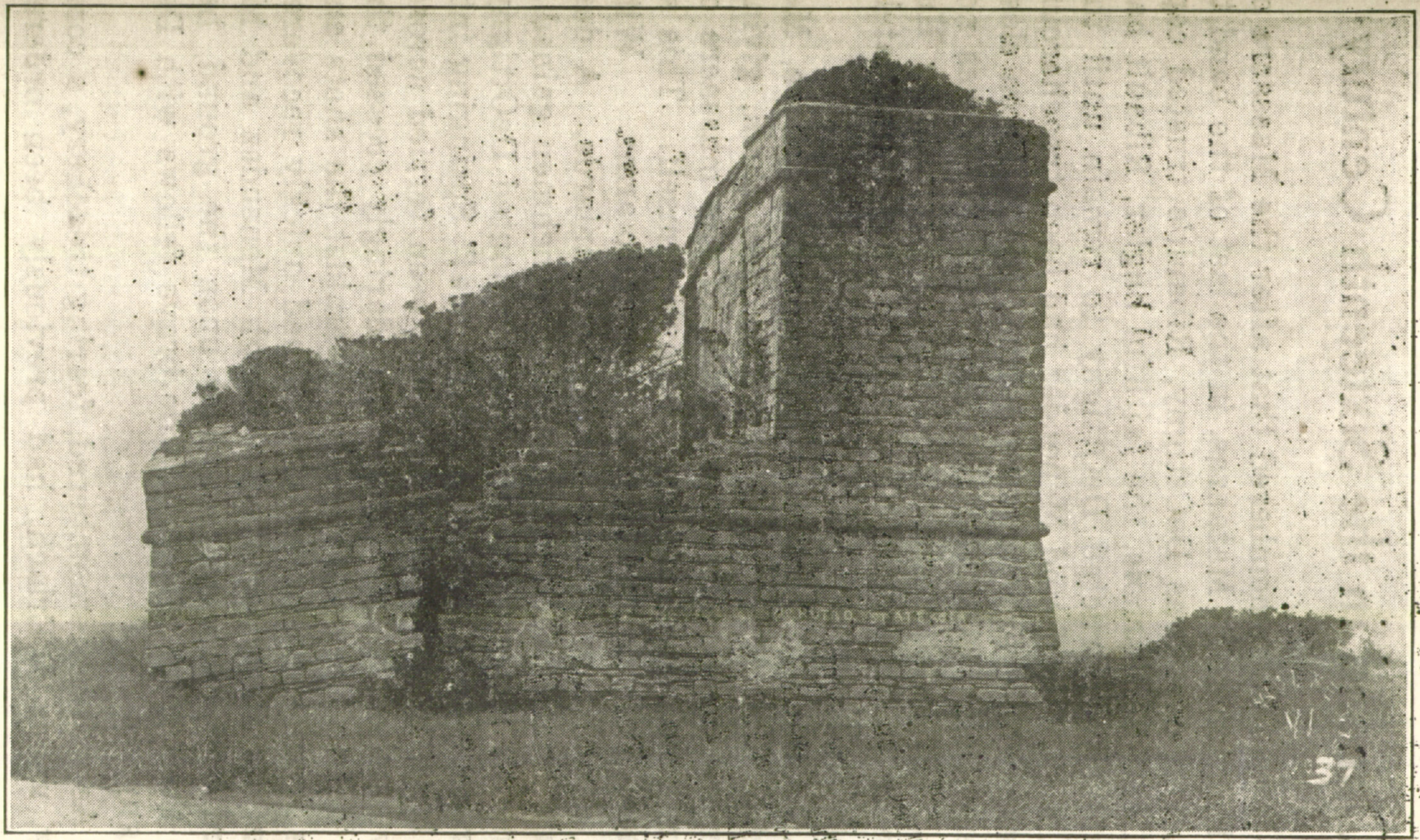
Many amusing and delightful incidents of the 70's could be related did space permit, but suffice to say in '76 there were some 31 families all told. Though few of the older of these early pioneers are now living many of their descendants are still residents of Daytona.

The Ina, a large stern wheel vessel, was built at the corner of Orange and Beach streets. She was not much of a success. After a few trips up and down the

river she was run into the fresh water of the Tomoka. Later she sank and was never raised. A part of her machinery may still be seen by those taking the launch trip up the famed and beautiful Tomoka.

The Rover, Capt. Bennett, and the Kate Cook, Capt. Haig, were the two first schooners plying between Jacksonville and Mosquito inlet. It is said the latter boasted one state room, frequently occupied by a half dozen or more ladies and children. This historic vessel was later (without the consent or knowledge of its owners) chartered for a trip to the West Indies, where it disappeared entirely, becoming a total loss to the owners. The Kate S. Thomas, Capt. Bowman, and Rover, Capt. Bennett, were wrecked at Mosquito inlet, capsizing in a heavy gale.

To Mrs. E. E. Coleman probably belongs the honor of having resided in Daytona for the longest period of time, closely followed by that time honored citizen, Hon. E. N. Waldron, who started in to raise cane, but succeeded in raising the finest of oranges. Others here in the early days were Mrs. William Jackson, the Maley Brothers, Mrs. Bertha K. Smith, Mrs. F. M. Davidson, Jordan McCollum, Mrs. Mary Troy, Ballough Brothers, Mrs. Wilson Drake, Van Dorn Brothers, Knappe Brothers, Miss L. A. Cross, Miss Wilkinson, Mrs. H. F. Stewart, L. T. Rogers, C. E. Rogers, Mrs. C. M. Bingham, Sr., the Thompson Brothers, McDaniel Brothers, John Hinskey, Mrs. Leach, Carter Brothers of Holly Hill, Mrs. W. W. Carter, F. T. Peck, E. G. Harris. Many others doubtless could be added to this roster.



OLD FORT AT MATANZAS INLET

Ormond in the Sixteenth Century

It will be remembered that after the Massacre of the Huguenots at Matanzas, in the last of the band to be taken over was DeOttigny, Ribault's trusted captain, and LeBearnois, the faithful bugler. Ribault had previously instructed DeOttigny to remain until the last, and, if he found Menendez had been treacherous, to take whatever course he deemed best. From close observation, DeOttigny had soon decided all was not well. He quietly instructed the few remaining Huguenots to be on the alert and to obey immediately should he issue an order.

As the last boat neared the opposite shore, Menendez, himself, came forward to meet them, giving them a blood-curdling description of the massacre of their companions, including Ribault himself. This so enraged DeOttigny, he called his men to arms. With one accord they sprang upon the Spaniards. A desperate fight ensued in which the Frenchmen gained a moment's victory. "To the boat!" shouted DeOttigny, "For your lives, for God! for France!" Springing into the boat, in which they had just been ferried across, they pushed it from shore and daringly crossed the bar, out to the open sea beyond amidst the shots and yells from the Spaniards, who had quickly recovered from the surprise attack, though Menendez and his guard had been left senseless upon the ground, beside the bodies of two of the brave fellows with DeOttigny.

As will be remembered, fearing treachery, a company, under D'Erlach, had previously been ordered

southward by the beach, back to the abandoned ships at Canaveral. Through the blowing of LeBearnois' bugle, heard by this little band in camp on the beach near the upper Halifax river, recognized and answered by Luigo, D'Erlach's bugler, those in the boat, out on the open ocean, were enabled to locate their comrades, land and join their company.

"The wind was still; the surf tumbled upon the outer bar beyond; the water was lighted with phosphorscent flames. At first their straining ears caught only the cries of night birds, wheeling through the dark, or the bellow of the alligator from the marsh—then there came floating in over the sea strains of sweet, solemn music to which the ocean's voice served as the deep base of a cathedral organ. Nearer, clearer, the sweet sad sounds floated over the ocean's breast penetrating their very hearts, until at last they swelled into the perfect rythm of the old plaintive funeral march, wherewith the mountain brotherhood of the Vosges and the Alps, in the days of their persecution and peril, buried their lamented dead. It was, they thought, the last requiem of their ill-fated comrades, sung, perchance, by angel voices." As the reply came back, Luigo shouted, "If that be not LeBearnois, never have I heard him blow a bugle." And so it was; the brave little band joined their comrades upon the beach amidst great joy at their deliverance, and sorrow for those left lying stark and still behind. Here, upon the shores of the Halifax, was the scene of the reunited little band of Frenchmen, and the first record of the white man's footprints in this, then wild wilderness, upon the upper Halifax. * * *

The next morning it was decided to haul the batteau over land to the creek. A party, under D'Erlach would proceed in it some four leagues down the coast

where there was an Indian village, confronted on the mainland side by another, both under the Chief Ostinola, whose rule extended over all the tribal villages that occupied the shores of these waters, as far as the water of the inlet connecting them with the ocean. DeOttigny was given the command of the little army with instructions to halt at the first village, until D'Erlach should join him or send further orders. * *

As the batteau was rowed across the wide waters of the river, canoes filled with Indians, armed with bows and arrows, spears, tipped with ground shells and bones or sharpened in the fire, war clubs of heavy hard wood, and hatchets of stone or shell, shot out from the mouth of a wide creek (the Tomoka). They were fine, athletic men, nearly naked, their bronze bodies oddly painted, but their faces not unpleasant to look upon, for upon their countenances were only depicted wonder and amazement. Rising upon his feet D'Erlach made them the sign of peace, and speaking to his men to rest upon their oars, signed to the Indians to come within talking distance, which they did after some parley and hesitation amongst themselves. The Huguenot leader speaking the dialect of the Yemassee or Uchee language, well enough for ordinary purposes, requested their chief to come nearer in his canoe. Greeting him, D'Erlach told him they were "Frenchmen, not Spaniards, and sought the way to Ostinola's town in peace and friendship."

"I, myself, will show you," replied the chief * * *

So strongly and skillfully did the Indians ply their paddles, chanting a quaint song as they did so, that it was with difficulty the six stout French oarsmen in the batteau could keep up with them. As they neared a bold mound on the eastern side, covered with a fine forest growth, the young chief awoke the echoes

with a hailing whoop, which brought to the shore a group of Indians, men, women and children, showing there was here a village, although from the river it could not be seen. * * * Further south, across the glittering, dancing waters, upon whose shores, on either side, could be seen quaint Indian communal villages, giving token of a numerous, peaceful population. Canoes shot out from shore cautiously, as if not knowing whether it should be peace or war. Amused at their evident doubts, LeBearnois sent his bugle notes in all their ringing sweetness far over the water. Astonished at the unwonted sounds, those in the canoes stood, bronze statues, pictured against the blue skies with every paddle motionless."

Then the young chief, acting as guide and herald, recovering from his own surprise, lifted a conch shell, fashioned into a trumpet, and blew such discords as grated upon the Frenchmen's ears. However, these were sounds of peace and amity to the Indians, and set every paddle flashing in the sunlight driving each canoe gracefully and swiftly nearer to them. The chief explained the coming of the white men, after which the Indians gaily joined their crafts into one flotilla, making a strange, pleasing, barbaris, gala water scene, as they swept on southward to Ostinola's capital town, the voyage ending with not less than one hundred canoes in the convoy, consisting of war boats, thirty feet or more in length, down to light fishing shells that skimmed the water's surface like swift birds. It was noon when the flotilla reached Cacique Ostinola's town. As yet in this fair land, the evil gods had not spoken. The oracles were dumb, save only those of sweet, fair nature, speaking peace and welcome." Thus was the white man welcomed by the friendly, kindly Indians years ago, to the present site of Ormond.

BRIDAL PATH THROUGH ORMOND TERRACE

NOTE: The above spot is known as the Henandez hammock, through which the Dixie Highway now passes. The story of Ostinola's welcome and the smoking of the pipe of peace can be found in the book entitled Story of Huguenots, which is the most reliable history of the French Huguenots published in this country.

THE ORMONDS

Capt. Ormond, the first, was an English planter from the Bahama Islands. He, with his brother, Emanuel, received the grant of land at the head of the Halifax in 1791. He was killed by a runaway slave in 1829. Col. James Ormond, for whom the town was named, lived there until the death of his grandfather. During the Seminole war, 1835, Col. Ormond returned with a company of Georgia soldiers and fought in the battle of Dunn Lawton. In this battle, strange to say, the raid was led by the famous "Wildcat," (Coacoochee) who, as a child, had been a playmate of Col. Ormond, at the old plantation. Col. Ormond did not return after this war until the colony of New Britain was well established. Unexpectedly he drifted into "Trappers Lodge," the pioneer home (still standing), of the well loved John Anderson, and the gay coterie of young bachelors who made up this happy family.

Col. Ormond was accompanied by his son. With Mr. Anderson they went to the old plantation site where with little difficulty the remains of the old manor house was located. The grave, with its moss covered stone of coquina was found over which stretched the wide branches of a magnolia tree, grown since the adventurous pioneer had been laid to rest. A noble line of oaks, under which had been the "quarters"

of the numerous slaves required to cultivate the 300 acre cotton field was pointed out. Another beautiful group pointed out was where had been the carpenters' benches and tool houses; a tall palmetto, near the old chimney (still standing), planted by the elder man's gradmother, towered towards the sky; broken bits of china, recognized as that used upon his mother's table was also picked up. Naught else remained of the once well-kept plantation teeming with activity, made mer ry by laughter and song of negro workers. A marble slab has been placed over the grave, under the beautiful magnolia, with the simple inscription: "James Ormond, died September 4, 1829. An honest man."

After Col. Ormond's visit, which seemed to weld the present with the past, by vote of the members of the colony, the town's name was changed from New Britian to Ormond, giving to Ormond a tradition which few of the East Coast towns possess.

THE OLD CAUSEWAY

Back of Mt. Osewald, beyond the confluence of the Tomoka and Halifax rivers, an extensive marsh, like an open prairie, opens south to the "old field groves." A deep narrow creek (Thompson) runs north through this marsh, emptying into the Tomoka. The marsh and creek furnished a natural barrier to the ferry of the Kings road at Buckhead Bluff, the only outlet by land from the Halifax to St. Augustine. An old settler, hunting his cows, roaming the wild woods, is said to have discovered the lost road. Ever alert for something new in the way of old ruins, the late John Anderson and Chas. G. Bostrom decided to locate it. These two men, worthy successors to Ponce de Leon, took up a deer trail within the edge of the forest in the direc-

tion designated by the "old timer." After hours of tramping they finally found their desired goal. What had once been a military route or busy plantation road was now a solid hedge of tall palmettos; in the center of the drive way stood a giant oak tree, having grown there since the causeway had been lost and showing beyond doubt the age of the old causeway. It is amusingly related how these doughty adventurers, desirous of reaching the end beyond Thompson's creek; far out in the wilderness, with no boat in sight; with their clothing in a bundle upon their backs, swam the creek to the farther shore, despite the proximity of allegators and moccasins, and followed the trail of the "Lost Causeway" to the open "Old King's Road." Later this causeway was cleared in the center, a bridge built over the creek, making a beautiful driveway through old cotton and indigo plantation and ancient rice fields.

BEAUTIFUL HERNANDEZ

The old Hernandez grant stretches for one mile, north, on the western shore of the Halifax, within the present corporate limits of Ormond, comprising more than 500 acres of land. Here may still be found relics of Indian, Spanish and English occupation. Here was the stand for a battle during the Seminole war. Its grand old forest trees, no doubt, have witnessed many and varied scenes. It was granted by Spain to Martin Hernadez (hence the name) in the 17th century. The owner disgusted with the many changes in the control of Florida, forfeited it to the state for taxes, after she became the possession of the United States. It was later purchased by another Spanaird named Sanchez. For many years this lovely spot reverted to wilderness, owing to lack of interest on the part of this man's

RIVER AT HERNANDEZ POINT

heirs. On Hernandez Point, extending out into the Halifax river, in a beautifully rounded, natural curve, beneath the wide spreading, centuries old Live Oak trees, may still be seen the remains of what must have been an old manor house; here also are the remains of sugar and indigo works, the ground, still slightly undulating, where once were the winrows of cane and indigo, possibly worked by Indian slaves, prior to the importation of negroes. It was here, after his escape from imprisonment in the historic fort at St. Augustine, the famous Coacoochee with Talmus Hadjo, suffering from a broken leg, rejoined his band.

Recently it has been opened up by the McIntosh Bros., a large real estate firm of Chicago, who are rapidly clearing the land of underbrush, opening up streets and getting the tract into shape for a beautiful addition to Ormond, called Ormond Terraces, where in the near future will be built more of the splendid homes of fine architectural designs for which the vicinity of Ormond is noted. The main Dixie Highway passes through this tract and many a touring car finds a resting place under the magnificent shade trees.

(A delightful spot located in the heart of this historic Spanish grant is the beautiful Sunset Park, conducted by E. Mills, with headquarters for Tomoka river fishing.)

In 1865, at the close of the Civil War, after exploring Florida, several men selected this region for colonization. The Swifts then owned the Young grant. There were possibly, three houses at that time. The Swifts, Jas. P. Belden's and the Stetler home, now owned by Jas. P. Vining. In 1874 Daniel Wilson and George Millard, were sent from New Britain, Conn., to select a site for a colony. They bought the Young

grant and secured from the government the land along the river front. The colony was started on the co-operative plan. The land was divided into "Old Field" and "river front lots," each member drawing lots for a home site on the river front and a larger tract in the old field (Young tract) for the cultivation of orange groves. The original colonists (a number of whom are still residents) were Daniel Wilson, George Millard, Chester Penfield, Philip Corbin, Jas. E. Francis, E. M. Penfield, W. A. McNary (father of Chas. N.) A. A. Hull, Geo. Bingham and the Misses Ruth and Elizabeth Dix. In the winter of '75, "Trappers Lodge" came into existence. It was on the homestead of John Anderson where three jolly young men, Sam Dow of Kentucky, and Messrs. Anderson and Fox of Maine, made their bachelor home, closely followed by J. D. Price, who took up the adjoining homestead, naming it Hammock Home. It must not be forgotten that the Bostroms had already planted a grove and built a comfortable house, which might well be termed the first "Tourist Hotel" of Ormond. The owners had been compelled to bring the lumber from a sawmill at "Bobb's Bluff." The original map of Ormond and the "old field" is now in possession of Mr. Chas. McNary. The homes of these settlers were built largely of drift wood and felled trees, roofs and sides being covered with the ever convenient palmetto leaves. The first religious services were held at J. A. Bostrom's home, Bosarive. (This pleasant bachelor home had not long before installed a new and charming mistress who could boast the pleasure (?) of being the first woman to pass over the new road just laid out by the new County Commissioners from "old Volusia." sometimes being compelled to follow in the trail of blazed trees. where the road was yet unbuilt.)

The Bostroms, J. A. and Chas. G., with their two sisters, Miss Helen Bostrom and Mrs. Geo. Wallace, were fairly well settled on their present home when the other settlers took possession of their lands.

The Misses Dix built a large house, leaving the second story unpartitioned. In this large room all social affairs were held; religious services on Sunday and once a week an evening party, to which, in turn, each guest must contribute something for entertainment or amusement, ending always in a dance, everybody participating, except possibly the clergyman. In those days, says a recent writer, "we did not spend hours in dressing, but as soon as supper was over, men, women and children gathered in this house, where as one after another of the babies succumbed to the "sand man" they were put to bed, while their parents continued to enjoy the dance until the strains of Home Sweet Home, from Anderson's violin and Price's flute, warned them it was time to leave. * * All of us in looking back feel we have never had better times since then."

In '65 the nearest postoffiice was Enterprise. Whoever went to or came from there, brought the mail for the whole east coast country. Later the mail came twice a week from Crescent City. The post-office was a trunk in Mr. Wilson's living room. Later still the mail route was changed to three times a week from St. Augustine over the old King's road. There was genuine good fellowship and co-operation on the part of the old settlers. For five days each man worked his own field and on the sixth day all would join together, working one day on another man's place until the entire round of settlers had been made. If a picnic, a sail in the Old Tom Cat, or a log rolling was on foot, it needed but a few moments to assemble

all the men, women and children, with a generous supply of good things to eat, for a merry-making, or a busy day of active hard work.

The first wedding was that of Miss Emily Wilson and Loomis G. Day. Everybody was invited and a jolly good time enjoyed. Later, there was another wedding of a charming girl living at Bulow Bay, Mrs. James Carnell. In those days, especially if a westerly wind was blowing, the water would recede from the bay, leaving the "bottom mostly on top." Sail boats were the only means of transportation. The entire community had been invited to the wedding but, owing to the low tide, it was deemed impracticable to try to get the crowd to the appointed place. It was then suggested that the bride, with her family, be brought to the settlement. Enjoying the joke, the accommodating bride, with all her bridal paraphernalia, was transferred to the Dix house, where the ceremony was satisfactorily performed, amidst the smiles and cheers of her friends.

HAPPY DAYS

The colonists lacked not for amusements. There were sailing parties, picnics at No. 9, Bachelor dinners at Trappers Lodge. log rollings, lawn parties at Bostrom's, Christmas trees, Thanksgiving and Fourth of July dinners, amateur theatricals, the tilts of the knightly tournament. One of the notable receptions was that given to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Price upon their arrival here from their wedding trip. All of these were even more enjoyable than the more luxurious entertainments of the present day

PATHWAY TO THE HALIFAX

"THE HUNT."

Regular hunts were a great delight. Two men were appointed leaders. These would "choose sides" and hunting places. The hunt would last three days. The side bringing in the least game (number and size being rated), would have to provide the dinner to the victorious side. There was abundant game—deer, bear, quail, turkey, coons, 'possoms, squirrels, rabbits, etc. One time the redoubtable Sam Dow brought in all by himself a bear of 150 pounds, which he barbecued, inviting the entire colony to the feast. From that time the "Bachelor Dinner" was an annual event, where the married men were allowed, the baldheaded member being compelled to wear a cap made of an invrted pumpkin pie.

STARVING TIMES

Woe be to the householder who failed to keep his larder well filled. Supplies were brought by the schooner Magnolia, scheduled for twice a month. Sometimes, owing to adverse winds and low tides, it would be much longer making its rounds. At such times it became the duty of the thoughful and provident to divide with the unthoughtful and improvident. If the time was especially long between the arrivals even the prudent one could see the bottom of the larder. However, there were always fish and oysters in the river, and sweet potatoes and cabbage palmettos on the land.

J. E. Francis built the first store in 1875. The railroad reached Ormond in 1886, doing away with the unreliable water transportation, bringing hustling activity in its wake. The first of all the bridges across the Halifax was built at Ormond by a stock company.

An amusing story is told of how the stockholders were much chagrined when they found the bridge plans called for "only a one-way bridge." "Why, said the manager, "two teams cannot pass upon it!" "Well," replied the contractor, "who expects two teams to ever be upon it at one time!" This hardly seems true to those familiar with the present day conditions of the traffic on this thoroughfare. The community had grown in permanent and tourist population until there was a demand for a larger hotel. This was built and managed by Anderson & Price, ever progressive and working for the betterment of the community, called Hotel Ormond—now grown into one of the largest and most popular east coast hotels, where many notable as well as wealthy people annually congregate.

The summer following the building of the Ormond, Hotel Coquina, on the ocean front was built and managed by Seizer & Vining. This was also a popular resort. In its restful lobby overlooking the ocean, flanked by immense old-fashioned fire places, many distinguished guests have been entertained, amongst them being the widow of President Grant, Joseph Jefferson and Senator Palmer of Michigan. The hotel, now grown to larger proportions, is called Bretton Inn. It is still managed by Mr. Vining, who well deserves the success and popularity of his hotel, for he is ever a genial host.

The old Tom Cat, the Ark and the old Standstill, have been replaced by swift motor and speed boats. Red Top, Trappers Lodge, and Hammock Home are overshadowed by the big hotel. Trails to the beach have been replaced by wide avenues; golf, baseball, tennis, have taken the place of the old amusements. Automobile races, with world records, have re-

placed those of the "Knightly Tourney" and horse race, but the beautiful forests, wherein are now found handsome, comfortable homes of fine architectral design; the wide sparkling river; the beautiful beach boulevard, hard as asphalt, are yet the same, scarcely changed in contour from the time it was the happy home of the early Indians and first visited by the white man.

NOTES

One of the old colonists was asked what they did that first winter (1874). "Oh, just fooled round and had a good time!"

One of the Swifts, of Live Oak fame, has been a recent visitor to relatives at Ormond. He must have noted some changes.

Many have come and gone, but there are today four of the original members of the colony still here, namely: Mrs. Jas. E. Francis, Judge Chas. N. McNary and Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Penfield, all of whom look back with pleasure upon the early days of Ormond.

In '75 the families of the settlers arrived and social affairs were started. There was a social code that, whoever appeared at the colony gatherings clad in a "boiled" shirt, etc., should be thrown out. There were few offenders. Saturday afternoons were sacredly kept for the bathing parties at the beach.

The first school was taught by Mrs. A. Bacon followed by Mrs. C. H. Corpe. An incident worthy of record was several years later, when the late Jno. G. Borden had a flagstaff put up and a beautiful large flag was presented by his little daughter, Marian, now Mrs. McCurry. The whole village was present for the flag raising, for suitable exercises had been prepared by Miss Lulu Foulke, the teacher.

Fish were plentiful in those days. One of a merry crowd returning from a dance, crossing the river midst laughter and jest, tells how one lady, just as the boat was rowed into a school of fish, opened her mouth in a hearty laugh, whereupon an adventurous mullet sprang into it. It is said the commotion in the boat was something terrible while the school of fish on the outside were shaking their sides with laughter at the predicament of their unfortunate brother.

Church services were sometimes held in the school house. The irrepressible Sam Dow had sold some chickens to a minister, who occasionally preached there, but had carelessly neglected paying for them. On this particular occasion there was a large crowd present and a goodly collection was made. Mr. Dow, being in the crowd, bethought himself, now is the time to collect. After the services he approached the minister on the subject, receiving his pay out of the collection of the day.

The very first Ormond settlers had some experiences in reaching the site of the colony. After they arrived in Jacksonville by schooner, some of them walked from there via St. Augustine to Ormond; another "bunch" took a steamer to Tocoi on the St. Johns river, then walked to Ormond. E. M. Penfield and L. P. Summers stayed over in Jacksonville, taking a river steamer to Enterprise, then by mule and cart to Port Orange. Mr. Penfield gives a graphic description of this part of the journey. Darkest night came on before they reached Dunn-Lawton hammock; the driver could not see the old plantation road, with ditches on the sides, so the passengers were compelled to crawl on "all fours" directing the driver with their voices how to keep in the road. They were thankful when the river shore at Port Orange was reached.

The hospitality at this time exceeded even the prodigality of the ante-bellum days. It is related how one young settler started eating an early dinner at the old Settler place, passed up the river to Ellsworth's where he met some excellent chowder, went on to Penfield's where he had chicken, passed on to Francis' where he had pie and ending with coffee and fruit at the Dix house and McNary home. He was not ill from over-feeding, which was lucky, there being no doctor in the land.

One of the "old settlers," Wm. Fagen, poet and naturalist, has built for himself a home near the old chimneys, west of Ormond. Mr. Fagen has redeemed the old ruins, cleared out the underbrush, opened up the big trees to view, until he has founded, not only a delightful "play spot" for visitors and tourists, but something that will prove a lasting monument to himself. He may be found at anytime in his rose garden, his garden or some times up in the big tree where he has built a spiral staircase to the very top.

An interesting description of the big celebration, by all the towns along the coast, on the completion of the railroad to Daytona contained the following: "The Ormond people were invited to go by special train, consisting of narrow gauge log engine and two home made box cars. All went merrily. Daytona was reached, the banquet and ball enjoyed and the return trip made as far as Holly Hill, from this point on to Ormond, frequent stops were made for all hands, including passengers, to get off and help in setting the train back on the rails, it requiring about six hours to make the three miles. Daylight witnessed the return to Ormond of the merry makers.

A memorable occasion was the killing of the first bear in the hammocks on the east side of the river. Word was sent for all the men on the west side to come over and help get the big bruin across to the colony. Some of the ladies objected for fear their husbands would be eaten by other bears. However, the aforesaid husbands went, the whole crowd with the bear, a big fellow, reaching home at two o'clock in the morning, at which time they were greeted by all those left behind, anxious to see the big game.

The days following 1865 under Reid's administration are known as "Carpet Bagger" days. One of the State officials at Tallahassee was a man named Alden, though a "carpet bagger" himself, he could not agree with the "carpet bagging governor." The story is told how he was removed from office in Tallahasse, given the rank of major, and put in charge of the port at Mosquito Inlet, where he had an excellent opportunity to join the wreckers and smugglers, who, at that time, frequented the coast above and below the inlet.

At the colony house everybody helped in the housekeeping and cooking. Each man anxious to do his share. The first man down in the morning built the fire; the next put on the hominy; the next put in the salt; the next also put in some salt; also the next, until when the hominy was tasted it could not be eaten, whereupon one after the other acknowledged, yes, he put in salt until it was found the food was salted many times. After this experience, it is said, the members were divided into "squads" each with his regular duties. Food was too scarce for joking.

Rev. E. Y. Pinkerton was an early visitor to the Postrom home. One day he announced: "I am in the missionary business. I think we should have Divine service." He was far advanced in consumption. In

spite of weakness, he announced he would preach on Sunday, at the Bostrom home. "If the settlers came he would know they wanted to hear him; if they stayed away he would feel he had no message for them." The settlers all came, not only once, but as often as this frail missionary was able to preach to them. This was the beginning of religious services in Ormond.

The late John Anderson showed great originality even in advertising Ormond. One of the most striking being a black and white drawing of a man with pole and line, called "Fishing on the Halifax," appearing several years in various magazines and periodicals. Two winter visitors met on the way to Ormond. In the hands of one was a paper containing the little black and white silhouette. Nearing Ormond this man arose to leave the train. "Why do you get off here?" demanded his friend. "Well, to tell you the truth, I've looked at this drawing so many times I feel as if I must get off here to see if that man has caught his fish yet."

At Trappers Lodge were a number of young bachelors, namely John Anderson, Sam Dow, E. Craig, Charles Day, Jack Thomas, Wm. Fagen and Jim Faunce, though having their own shecks near, J. D. Price and Chas. G. Bostrom were included in this family. On New Years, the ladies of the then New Britain, decided to keep open house to which all of the bachelors were invited. On the appointed day there was a strong, blustery, west wind. Nothing daunted, the young fellows arrayed themselves in their Sunday best, embarked in the historic Tom Cat to cross the river. Keen eyes, on the western shore, were watching them, anxious to begin the festivities. Alack! alas! all went merrily until the middle of the river was reached and the boat suddenly capsized, spilling the

entire crowd, Sunday best and all, into the mud and water. Nothing daunted, these young braves righted their boat, waded ashore, put on their working clothes and taking row boats again started across the river, to be heartily greeted though they had made the festivities several hours late.

To Ormond belongs the honor of having the oldest resident of the entire Halifax country, Mr. J. A. Bostrom. As a sailor lad Mr. Bostrom visited Jacksonville in 1860, St. Augustine in 1862. It was here he conceived his idea of growing oranges. To use his own words: "From my window I saw an orange tree laden with fruit. To me they looked like the 'golden apples of the New Jerusalem.' I immediately resolved to be an orange grower." His vessel, the Gov. Meigs, was wrecked on the St. Johns bar during the war. In 1865 he fitted out a boat at St. Augustine, having with him "old Israel," an ex-slave on the Young plantation, who was familiar with the country, sailed down the Matanzas to the head of the Halifax. Here the boat was hauled by ox team across the narrow neck of land to the Halifax. On this trip Mr. Bostrom sailed as far south as Jupiter, where he left his boat and walked to the present site of Lake Worth. This seemed too far away for him, so he went back to South Carolina. The next year he returned with his brother, Chas. G., to Silver Beach, remaining there until '68, when he selected the present site of his home, which is even more beautiful than the former one. Mr. Bostrom became not only an authority on orange growing, but has been actively engaged in every work pertaining to the development of Ormond. He has also wielded a forceful pen on timely topics since the early "carpet bagger days," be they religion, politics, or horticulture. All honor to the first settler!

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